

TELLS LIFE OF NAPOLEON
IN UNIQUE STORY FORM

only set my seal upon France."—*The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, S. Barings-Gould.

"Terms? It Is I Who Name Terms."

After forcing the army of Sardinia back toward Turin, Napoleon had scarcely taken possession of the beautiful Palace Salimatore, at Cherasco, thirty-five miles from the Piedmontese capital, when an aged marshal from the Sardinian side came and informed the little General of the French that the King was about to propose terms of peace.

"Terms," shouted the young commander in chief in startling tones, as he pounded the desk, "it is I who name terms. If you don't accept them at once Turin is mine to-morrow!"

Although the Directory, sitting in far away Paris, had reserved the right for

the repose of the world that neither Rousseau nor I had ever been born."

In these words . . . we hear the first clarion of advancing imperialism.—*The Personality of Napoleon*, J. Holland Rose.

How Napoleon Looked in the Coach of State.

In a gilded carriage with eight horses driven by Caesar sat Napoleon, wearing a velvet cap surrounded by a band of diamonds with the two million dollar recent solitaire for a clasp. His purple cloak, thrown back at the shoulder, revealed its white satin lining, a purple coat beneath, shimmering with gems and gold. His vest was buttoned with diamonds. He wore also diamond garters and diamond buckles on his white velvet boots.

The 80,000 soldiers guarding the

have been a source of great delight to you."

"By no means," Napoleon replied, "those who think so know nothing of the peril of our situation. The victory of today was instantly forgotten in the preparation for the battle which was to be fought on the morrow. The aspect of danger was continually before me. I enjoyed not one moment of repose."—*Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Bonaparte*.

With Him the Warm Bath Amounted to a Passion.

Having put on red or green slippers, which he used till they were completely worn out and which he could not bear to have rejected he went generally into his bathroom, which was formerly the oratory of Anne of Austria, and afterward, when

Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Teasing the Lady's Maids Before Dinner.

Six o'clock had struck long ago, and as often happened, Napoleon had scarcely seen his wife. Now and then he went down to the Empress by the little dark staircase which communicated between his apartment and the one on the ground floor, and remained a few moments.

If it was at the time of her toilet he amused himself with hindering the lady's maids, with mixing up the cases, with discussing the way she was dressed, if . . . Josephine, according to her habit, had a certain number of ladies whom she had invited at table, he put questions, insisted on answers to them, and, according to the humors



Bonaparte in a cheap restaurant in Paris. Drawn by Eric Pape.

By Fitting Together Hundreds of Extracts and Not Resorting to an Original Paragraph Wayne Whipple Has Produced Interesting Historical Work

HUNDREDS of short stories from the greatest variety of sources have been reconciled and fitted together in a complete and continuous biography of Napoleon by Wayne Whipple and is now published under the title of "The Story-Life of Napoleon" by the Century Company. It is perhaps as unique a historical work as has ever been put forth. Outside of the compiler's introduction there is not an original paragraph in the whole of the big volume. Some of the extracts are reproduced here.

Several different genealogies of Napoleon have been laboriously worked out. His descent was traced at various times by the sycophants about the imperial court to the Roman emperors, the Greek emperors, the French kings and to some of the great Italian families. To one of the most egregious of these efforts, which proved that Napoleon was the legitimate heir to the French crown through the Min in the Iron Mask and the daughter of his jailer, one Bonaparte (Bonaparte, the Emperor replied in the *Moniteur* of July 15, 1805:

"A genealogy of the Bonaparte house as ridiculous as it is stupid has appeared in the papers. These researches are most puerile. To those who ask from what period dates the Bonaparte house the answer is very simple: it dates from the 18th Brumaire. Soldiers, magistrates, sovereigns, the Emperor owes all to his sword and his love of the people. How is it possible in the present century that any person should be so silly as to amuse the public with such absurdities?"—*The Growth of Napoleon*, Norwood Young.

Finding a Grotto and Clearing It Out.
To-day he walked along by the sea, under the dazzling sky, to a little grotto which he had discovered some months before and which his uncle, Joey Fesch, a boy only a few years older than Napoleon, had cleared of rubbish and arranged for his little nephew. With his visits to this cave Napoleon began the practice, which he continued when he grew older, of seeking some place where he could be entirely alone and where none dared intrude. Even now his right to this grotto was respected, and that respect had been made sure by several roving fights with his brother Joseph, who was always his inferior in will and action.

When the grotto was reached the boy stood in the entrance, looking across the sea, his hands clasped behind him and his eyes wide open, as if seeing the far away Italian country from which his father's people had come long years before, carrying with them to their new home little else but a great pride in an old and noble name—*Napoleon*, the *Little Corsican*, Esse V. Hathaway.

A Military School Conducted by Monks.

It may be thought peculiar that Brienne, like the other military schools, was controlled by monks. The arrangement was really not so extraordinary as it would appear. Religion, up to the time of the Revolution, had always played an important part in the State, and that great French making volonte had done nothing more than renew at the period with which we are dealing. The superior was of course the head of the establishment, the various fathers having particular subjects to teach in which they more or less excelled. Occasionally a member of the faculty assisted in a subject which was more than his own, who was to become famous in the profession of Napoleon's choice, taught the elementary class at Brienne.

The pupils lived in almost monastic

seclusion. They were not allowed to leave the precincts for the whole of the six years which were allotted to them for education, and during the holidays were never quite free from lessons. What seems a most exacting regime in some ways was, however, neutralized to some extent by rules judiciously forgotten.

St. Germain, the energetic Minister of War, who had advised the King to found the military schools, had spent much time and thought in drawing up elaborate regulations for their government. The studies included geography, history, grammar, mathematics, Latin, French, poetry, German, drawing, music, and eventually English. Special attention was paid, as was only natural, to the art of war, "the trade of barbarians," as Napoleon once termed it in a capricious moment. Although rich in promises the college fell far short of the high ideals which St. Germain had hoped for them, as do many plans for the improvement of the existing order of things.—*The Boy's Napoleon*, Harold F. B. Wheeler.

His Friend Bourrienne's Account of the Snow Fort.

During the winter of 1783-84, so memorable for heavy falls of snow, Napoleon was greatly at a loss for these retired walks and outdoor recreations in which he used to take much delight. He had no alternative but to mingle with his comrades, and, for exercise, to walk with them up and down a spacious hall.

Napoleon, weary of this monotonous promenade, told his comrades that he thought they might amuse themselves much better with the snow in the great courtyard if they would get shovels and make hornworks, dig trenches, raise parapets, cavaliers, &c. "This being done," said he, "we may divide ourselves into sections, form a siege, and I will undertake to direct the attacks." The proposal, which was received with enthusiasm, was immediately put into execution. This little sham war was carried on for the space of a fortnight, and did not cease until a quantity of gravel and small stones having got mixed with the snow of which we made our bullets, many of the combatants, besiegers as well as besieged, were seriously injured. I well remember that I was one of the worst sufferers from this sort of grapeshot fire.—*Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte*, Louis Antoine Fouquet de Bourrienne.

How He Spent His Spare Time.

The leisure hours of Bonaparte at the college at Brienne were usually spent in one of the bastions of a small fort called *Leu Brune*, which had been erected for the use of pupils.

It was there that he had been often seen with the works of Voltaire, Moliere, Corneille and Fielding open before him, drawing plans for the attack and defense of this little fort according to the rules of military art.—*The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, W. B. Heweston.

His Narrow Escape from Drowning.

When Napoleon was at the military school at Brienne . . . he had a narrow escape for his life. While swimming in the Seine the cramp seized him, and after several ineffectual struggles he sank. At that moment he declared he experienced all the sensations of dying and lost all recollection. However, after he had sunk the current carried him upon a bank of sand, on the edge of which it threw him, where he lay senseless for some time, till he was restored by the aid of his

young companions, who saw him by accident.

Previous to this they had given him up for lost, as they saw him sink, but did not imagine the current would have carried him to such a considerable distance.—*Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte*, M. V. Arnault, C. L. F. Panckoucke and others.

Living at a Very Cheap Rate.

His pay was, everything included, about £50 (\$250) a year. He lodged at the house of M. Bou, an old man whose middle aged daughter, Mile. Bou, kept house. He soon established very friendly relations with his landlord and his daughter.

When he left M. Bou said: "We shall never see each other again and you will forget us," to which Napoleon replied, placing his hand on his heart:

"You and Mile. Bou are lodged here and memories once placed there do not change garriens!"

Two francs a week had been estimated at about the rent he may have paid for his room. His breakfast, taken after the morning's work was over, consisted of two rolls and a glass of water, which he obtained for two sous at the shop of a pastry cook named Courier. His dinner he took with other Lieutenants at the "Frais Pigeons," paying for it in pension as a regular subscriber, no doubt at a very cheap rate, probably not more than a franc a day.—*The Growth of Napoleon*, Norwood Young.

"I Have Only Set My Seal Upon France."

Napoleon at once, with that characteristic zeal for the advancement of his family which forms so delightful a feature in his character, hastened to make his brothers share in his good fortune. Having removed from his mean lodgings in the house of the General in command, in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, he wrote to Joseph, "I have here house, table and carriage, all at your disposal," and he applied for a Consularship to be given to this brother.

He removed Louis from school at Chalons and again had him appointed Lieutenant, and made him his aide-de-camp; for Lucien he obtained the lucrative place of Commissary of War to the Army of the North. Uncle Fesch was summoned to Paris to act as his secretary.

All at once the indigent Corsican General, who had been under a cloud, had emerged into sunshine. He who had not known where to look for a friend was now intimate with every member of the Government. He who could obtain no place for himself was able to install his relatives and friends in comfortable berths.

Some days after the 13th Vendemiaire

Napoleon dictating his memoirs to Las Cases and his son.

Painted by F. de Myrbach.

themselves and their trained diplomats to accept or reject terms, the young General could not delay operations for weeks while messengers were sent back and forth between the camp and the capital, so Bonaparte took it upon himself to arrange an armistice. He called a halt to all sparring for time by drawing out his watch, and tapping the dial with his forefinger ordered them to sign immediately, remarking:

"I may lose battles, but I will not lose minutes."—Condensed from *In the Path of Napoleon*, James Morgan.

"Am I Not the Wife of Their Commander?"

. . . Josephine, with one or two other ladies, was standing under a beautiful orange tree loaded with fruit with the attention of the party all absorbed in admiring the beauties of the distant landscape, Napoleon, unperceived, crept up to the tree, and by a sudden shake brought down quite a shower of the golden fruit upon the ladies. The companions of Josephine screamed with fright and ran from the tree. She, however, suspected the source and remained unmoved.

"Why, Josephine!" exclaimed Napoleon, "you stand fire like one of my veterans!"

"And why should I not?" she promptly replied, "am I not the wife of their commander?"—*History of Josephine*, John R. C. Abbott.

"Nothing Too Good for a French Soldier."

While at Milan Napoleon had just mounted his horse one morning when a dragon, bearing important despatches, presented himself before him.

Napoleon gave a verbal answer and ordered the courier to take it back at all speed.

"I have no horse," the man answered. "I rode mine so hard that it fell dead at your palace gates."

Napoleon laughed. "Take mine," he said.

The man hesitated.

"You think him too magnificently caparisoned and too fine an animal," said Napoleon. "Nothing is too good for a French soldier!"—*Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Bonaparte*.

"Better for the World if Rousseau or I Had Never Been Born?"

Napoleon . . . on visiting the tomb of Rousseau said:

"It would have been better for the repose of France that this man had never been born."

"Why so, Citizen Consul?"

"It is he who prepared the French Revolution."

"I should have thought, Citizen Consul, that it was not for you to complain of the Revolution."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "the future will discover whether it was not better

streets on this occasion left little room for the people to see the procession, brilliant as it was, led by Murat and the Mamelukes—a reminder of the Egyptian campaign. Condensed from *In the Path of Napoleon*, James Morgan.

"The Pear Is Not Ripe."

Bourrienne asked Napoleon before the expedition started if he had really determined to risk his fate in Egypt. "Yes," was the reply; "if I stay here I shall have to upset this miserable government and make myself King. But we must not think of that yet. The pear is not ripe. I have sounded, but the time is not yet come. I must first dazzle these gentlemen by my exploits."—*Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Bonaparte*.

"Off! Off With These Confounded Trappings!"

"Off! Off with these confounded trappings!" Napoleon exclaimed after his coronation, throwing mantle and robe into various corners of the room. "I never passed such tedious hours before!"—*Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Bonaparte*.

"Am I Not Your Father Also?"

Napoleon adopted all the children of the soldiers and officers killed at Austerlitz, and with him such an act would not have been one of mere form; had he lived he would have provided for them all.

One of these youths had been fortunate enough when yet very young, to attract the Emperor's notice by some signal proof of his devotedness; Napoleon asked him what profession he would wish to embrace, and without waiting for his answer pointed out one himself. The young man observed that his father's fortune was not sufficient to allow him to follow it.

"What has that to do with it?" replied the Emperor hastily. "Am not I also your father?"

Those persons who have known Napoleon in his private life and have lived near his person can quote a thousand traits of the same kind.—*The Napoleon Anecdotes*, W. H. Ireland.

"That Ball Would Find You a Hundred Feet Under Ground."

During the battle at Friedland a young soldier instinctively dodged as a cannon ball came whistling over his head. Napoleon smiled and said to him: "My friend, if that ball were destined for you it would be sure to find you, though you were to burrow a hundred feet under ground."—*Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Bonaparte*.

"Danger Was Continually Before Me."

"The rapid succession of your victories," said Las Cases to Napoleon, "must

the alterations of the apartment took place, a little room fitted up near to the bedroom.

With him the warm bath amounted to a passion. He often remained in it a whole hour, continually turning on the hot water tap and raising the temperature to such a point that the room was entirely full of steam, so that they were obliged to open the door.

If urgent despatches arrived his private secretary read them to him, otherwise he rapidly analyzed the contents of the newspapers to him. The bath, besides being agreeable to him, was also necessary, Napoleon, in fact, had been troubled since his infancy with an obstinate constipation. . . . At the same time he also felt the first signs of a complaint which threatened to become more frequent and more painful as he advanced in age. On that account he remained longer and longer in the bath.—*Napoleon at Home*, Frederic Masson.

How He Dressed.

He was always simple in his dress and generally wore the uniform of his own guard. He was cleanly rather than fastidious in his habits. He bathed often, sometimes in the middle of the night, because he thought the practice good for his health. But, apart from this, the precipitation with which he did everything did not admit of his clothes being put on carefully, and on gala days and full dress occasions his servants were obliged to consult together as to when they might snatch a moment to dress him.

He could not endure the wearing of ornaments; the slightest constraint was insupportable to him. He would tear off or break anything that gave him the least annoyance.—*Memoirs of Madame de Remusat*.

How He Treated His Hats.

When the Emperor had completed his toilet and prepared to leave his apartments he took his hat, which the first valet handed to him, in his left hand. This hat, of black beaver [was] without border or lace (and) ornamented only with a small tricolor cord attached to a loop of black silk. . . . Four were to be bought yearly, and each was to last three years. It was broad, of a comparatively soft beaver, and the crown was lined with quilted satin. In spite of this it had still to be stretched before the Emperor, whose head was extremely sensitive, could wear it. This headress must have been singularly inconvenient, for when it had been exposed for a long time to the rain the beaver got soaked and the flaps, before and behind, fell on his face and shoulders; but yet Napoleon was constant to it. It was his special distinction, and every one knew him by it. . . .

On state occasions he had an embroidered hat, without plume. During the Empire he had a sort of leaping for a brass helmet, gilt. One at least was to be found in his wardrobe. In private clothes he wore a round hat, but it may be affirmed that he only wore private clothes on very rare occasions, for expeditions, incognito. Thus, at the Tuilleries he had no other hat than his petit chapeau; but on the other hand, he always had it either in his hand or on his head whenever he went from one place to another. He took it by the front flap, and often waved it about in conversation. When he was angry or wished to appear so he threw it on the ground and kicked it with his foot.—*Napoleon at Home*, Frederic Masson.

"I Regret Not Having Told Him."

After the battle of Wagram Napoleon recognized among the dead a Colonel who had displeased him. He stopped and looked at his mangled body for a moment and then said: "I regret not having told him before the battle that I had forgotten everything."—*Table*

talk and Opinions of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"But There Was No Bullet for Me!"

With the superior numbers of the enemy and with the unexpectedness of the attack on the part of the latter, a conquerable commander, there could be but one result for the French. They were defeated, and so, employed in the even Napoleon accepted the offer—his staff had set forth.

he afterward told a friend that his fortune is that when a man meets death he cannot tell it. Men weep around me, before, behind, everywhere, but there was no bullet for me!—*Napoleon*, *The Little Corsican*, Esse V. Hathaway.

An Eagle in a Cage.

During his residence on the island Napoleon was engaged on the history which he dictated to Las Cases, and which were published in the form of the *Memoirs of Saint Helena*. . . . Napoleon with Las Cases, O'Meara, and the marshal, exhibits him exercising his dissimulation that marked his whole life. He now labored to make his image was to stand for the world's posterity. His memoirs told the statements which it is now too late to expose.

In judging of Napoleon at St. Helena we must bear in mind that he was intellectually a giant, his mind had been stunted, and he was early was throughout his life a globe quantity. In all his statements required force of intellect. . . . great in situations, his force he was contemptible intellect without moral force without guidance, Napoleon the world was as blind as a bat. . . . earthquake; it lacked the makes man's mind and the new valuable and beneficial. . . . Napoleon was the ablest of men. . . . Caesar. Where there is no light, and the dark is the more brilliant is the one side of man. At St. Helena was no possibility of the of Napoleon's character, his possibly appear was the all that was ignoble in his direct to microscopic examination was aggravated by the Hudson Lowe, who had the martinet. . . . In such conditions of mind [Napoleon] was extended as an eagle in a cage at the bars, ruffling his feathers, the golden eagle is a symbol of the was not made for captivity. . . . Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, Gould, pp. 567 to 572.



Napoleon and Alexander I. studying the map of Europe. Painted by P. Grolleron.